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The Mercury.

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.
JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1858, and is now in its one hundred and forty-second year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large, quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting, reliable, editorial, state, local and general news, well selected, intelligently digested and presented in a readable form. It is one of the most valuable papers in the South and is a very valuable business asset.

Local Matters.

War College.

The course of instruction at the Naval War College will begin on June 1 and will cover a period of three months. The course is outlined by Captain Stockton has been approved by the navy department.

The first week will be devoted to a series of lectures by Captain Mahan upon the art of war as demonstrated by Napoleon's early campaigns on land. The treatment of subjects connected with the main problem of the year will follow.

The problem is one dealing with the defense of the northwest coast of the United States north of the Columbia river and the protection of our insular possessions—Hawaii, Guam and the Philippines.

Lectures will be given on naval strategy by Capt. Mahan, on coast defense by Capt. Goodrich and on naval tactics by Capt. Taylor. It is probable that Admiral Luce also will deliver a lecture on some subject of naval history.

Major Knight of the United States engineer school of application at Willoughby Point, N. Y., will deliver a lecture on submarine mines for harbor defense.

Warfare by means of torpedo boats will be the subject of lectures by Lieut. Chandler of the navy. There also will be lectures on maritime international law by President Stockton.

It is intended to have lectures and conferences on combined operations and harbor defense, to be participated in by officers of the army, navy and marine corps.

A Naval Wedding.

The marriage of Miss Cornelia Carter Stockton, daughter of Charles H. Stockton, president of the War College, and Lieutenant Frederick A. Traut, U. S. N., was celebrated at Zabriske Memorial church at noon on Wednesday, Rev. Mr. Beattie performing the ceremony. The church was elaborately decorated with palms and potted plants and presented a very handsome appearance. The best man was Lieut. Powers Symington, U. S. N., while the ushers were Capt. Theodore A. Low, U. S. Marine Corps; Lieut. Alfred W. Hinds, U. S. N.; Frank Traut, brother of the groom, and Herbert Stockton, brother of the bride. The bridesmaids were Miss Slosson of Geneva, N. Y., Miss Pearing of New York city, Miss Pillsbury of Boston and Miss Macomber of Brookline, Mass. The bride was given away by her father. She was attired in white satin with lace trimmings, carried a large bouquet of lilies of the valley and wore a veil caught up with orange blossoms. Following the ceremony there was a reception at the residence of the bride's parents at the War College. There was a large attendance of naval officers and their families and members of the "Hill Colony." The Battleship Kearsarge was well represented at the wedding.

The work of laying a long side track at Portsmouth Grove is progressing rapidly. The siding when completed will accommodate forty cars and is a good indication of the volume of business that the New Haven road expects from the factory and government station at that place.

Mrs. Florence Livingston has filed a petition for divorce from her husband, Robert A. Livingston of New York. The Livingstons come from an old New York family and are prominent in New York society.

Today will be held the special town meeting at Black Island for the purpose of voting \$50,000 for the new steamer as authorized by recent act of the general assembly.

The battleship Kearsarge, which arrived in the harbor on Friday a week ago, is expected to sail today, having completed the taking on of her torpedo outfit.

Squadron Coming Soon

Admiral Trenchard, commander-in-chief of the North American Squadron, had a conference with Secretary Long in Washington on Wednesday, during which the plans for the summer cruise were mapped out. The admiral's flagship, New York, in company with the Texas, is now lying in Hampton Roads. It was arranged that upon leaving Hampton Roads the ships should proceed to New York, arriving there in time to give the annual salute off Grant's tomb in Riverside Park, on May 30.

After some sitting out at the navy yard at New York, the New York and Texas will proceed to Newport, where the Kearsarge will join them, and the three ships, with the torpedo flotilla, will work out some of the plans of the Naval War College which will be in session at that time at Newport. This work will be undertaken about June 1. It will be concluded in time to enable the squadron to reach Boston before June 17 to take part in the celebration of the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill.

The ships will then proceed to Portsmouth, N. H., where the citizens have arranged a celebration on August 6, during which they will present to the battleship Kearsarge a bronze tablet, the gift of New Hampshire. The project includes the presentation of a similar tablet to the Alabama, and the governor of Alabama will be invited to receive the tablet as a mark of the complete extinguishment of sectional feeling.

Dramatic Entertainment.

An entertainment took place at the Guild House of the Zabriske Memorial Church of St. John the Evangelist on Wednesday evening last, and was largely attended. A drama, "For the Honor of France," was well given, the participants being W. J. Vans, A. T. Bailey, F. Hoffman, T. G. Briggs, D. Boone, with Miss Hattie Hayes as Queen of France. A comedy called "A Pair of Luminaries" was presented by Mr. William Gardner and Miss Elsie Hathaway and afforded much amusement to the audience.

Between the drama and comedy a musical programme was rendered. Mr. A. H. Swan sang a solo, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all present. Messrs. Sydney Gresson and Tracy Jordan added to the evening's festivities. Mr. J. Frank Albro then sang a tenor solo, which was beautifully rendered, after which Mr. William Hayman entertained the people by gramophone selections. The entertainment was brought to a close by a soprano solo by Master Fred Harry, "Because I Love You."

Miss Mattie Ward and Mr. William Rutherford presided at the piano. The entertainment was a success, both socially and financially, a goodly sum being raised.

Colonel Bliss President.

The second annual reunion of the Officers' Association, First Rhode Island United States Volunteer Infantry, was held in Providence on Thursday, Colonel Herbert Bliss of this city presiding in the absence of Colonel Charles W. Abbott, president. A letter was read from Captain A. A. Barker of this city, now serving with the 26th Infantry in the Philippines, and the secretary was instructed to write Captain Barker, among other absent members, letters of remembrance. The election resulted as follows:

President—Maj. Herbert Bliss. Vice President—Capt. George A. Forsyth. Secretary and Treasurer—Capt. Alonzo R. Williams. Executive Committee—Capt. S. Darrell Harvey, Capt. Maurice R. Cook.

Yesterday was Arbor Day and was observed with appropriate exercises in the public schools. The exercises generally were in the nature of readings and talks by the teachers on the significance of the day. There was but one session of the schools. The various banks were closed during the day.

The sailors from Battleship Kearsarge have been quite conspicuous upon the streets this week. One night a number of them secured bicycles and there was a grand mix-up on Thames street, as the result of which one man was removed to the hospital.

Letter Carriers George E. Gorton and W. L. Anderson have appeared in their new uniforms, and are wearing stars instead of stripes. Carrier Gorton wears two black stars for ten years of service and Carrier Anderson appears with one red star for fifteen years of service.

Rev. William G. Cassard, D. D., chaplain at the training station, will deliver the oration on Memorial Day, and Rev. Geo. Whitefield Mead will act as Chaplain of the Day. The Newport Artillery Company will appear as escort to the Grand Army posts.

Bishop Clark has arrived for the summer and is at the Cran Cottage, on Purgatory Road.

Benefit Social.

An entertainment in the form of a social and benefit, was given in Masonic Hall on Monday evening last, and was listened to by an appreciative audience. The first number on the programme was a vocal solo, "She Rests by the Suwanne River," by Mr. Daniel Sullivan, which was rendered in a very pleasing manner. Mr. Sullivan received much applause and was obliged to respond to an encore. The next selection was a violin solo, "The Blue Bells of Scotland," by Master John Greene, and from the hearty welcome Master Greene received when he appeared before the audience showed that he had been heard before and was a great favorite. At the finish he was obliged to respond to a well-deserved encore.

The St. Cecilia Quartette, composed of Miss Curley, soprano; Miss Martland, alto; Mr. Albro, tenor; Mr. Swan, baritone, sang "Spring" in a delightful manner, and were the recipients of much applause, responding to an encore.

Mr. Earle C. Simmons next appeared and recited "The Maniac." Mr. Simmons deserves special mention for the manner in which he rendered his selection, and gives much promise for the future. To many he was a stranger, being heard for the first time, and one would never think he was a young amateur, for he could well be classed with the professionals. For the great applause he received he recited "The Face on the Bar Room Floor," and the reception tendered him when he finished was as great as after his first recitation.

Mr. Matt Shea then sang "If Dreams Come True," and he also received his share of the evening's applause, having to sing a second piece. The St. Cecilia Quartette again appeared and sang "The Harp that once thronged Tara's Hall" and "Oft in the Silly Night." Both of these selections were beautifully sung. Little Miss Byrnes gave a piano selection which was thoroughly enjoyed by her hearers. To satisfy them she was obliged to render a second selection.

The last number on the programme was in the form of a "specialty" by Messrs. Sydney Gresson and Tracy Jordan. They sang "You Told Me You Had Money in the Bank," and for an encore they sang the chorus.

Miss Marian Dowling and Miss Holmes were the accompanists of the evening. After the entertainment the floor was cleared for dancing, which was greatly enjoyed by those present. The Training Station Orchestra, under the leadership of Mr. Cunningham, furnished the music, and Mr. Joseph S. Nuss prompted.

Refreshments were on sale in the hall and were patronized freely by the dancers.

The entertainment was under the management of Mr. Frank Carr, with Mr. Charles A. Wahlgren as assistant. Being a benefit for a young Newport man, who is unable, through illness, to work for a living, the services of those who took part were given free.

Mrs. Bertha L., wife of Mr. George Elmer Coggeshall, died at her home in Portsmouth on Friday, the 4th inst., from an attack of scarlet fever. The deceased was a daughter of Mrs. Mary E. Main, who resides on Church street, in this city. She was twenty-two years of age and leaves a husband and two small children.

Last evening (Friday) was the date for the performance by Prof. Johnson's Female Minstrel at Masonic Hall, under the auspices of the Unity Club. The performers were well known young ladies of this city, but one who read their names on the programme would never recognize them.

The remains of the late Mrs. R. L. Willing were brought to this city on Tuesday last and interred in the family lot in the Island Cemetery. The services, which took place at the Belmont Memorial Chapel, were conducted by Rev. Henry Morgan Stone, of Trinity Church.

Mrs. Jordan, widow of the late John H. Jordan, has so far recovered from her recent illness as to be able to pay a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Elliott, in Middletown.

Steam launch Scout, the new tender for August Belmont, came down from Bristol Tuesday afternoon. She is a handsome and serviceable looking craft.

The various catboats and small pleasure craft about the city are being rapidly prepared to go into commission.

The shipment to New York of eel and other fish is going on rapidly. Scup have struck in in large numbers.

Mr. David T. Finner is making extensive improvements to his residence on Broadway.

Mrs. John Blair, of this city, is spending a few days with friends in Middletown.

The Wells Fire.

The W. Stone Wells villa on Bellevue avenue at the corner of Ruggles avenue was totally destroyed by fire last Friday evening. The cause of the fire is more or less of a mystery. It has been suggested that it caught from the furnace, but those who made a careful examination of the premises do not coincide with the opinion. The watchman attended the furnace shortly before eight o'clock and it was a few minutes after eight when he discovered the flames. He quickly informed the nearby residents and an alarm was telephoned from the Scott residence on the opposite corner, box 51 being rung in from headquarters. The apparatus responded promptly but most of the companies were a long distance from the scene of the fire. When Chief Engineer Kirwin arrived upon the premises he saw that the building was doomed and promptly rang in a second alarm, shortly followed by a general alarm calling the entire department to the locality.

The fire was under rapid headway when the first apparatus arrived. The strong west wind blew through the rear of the house and fanned the blaze into a devouring flame. Many streams of water played on the structure but were powerless to quench the fury of the flames. Some furniture, books and bric-a-brac were brought out from the front rooms and removed to a place of safety, but smoke and flames spread so rapidly that little salvage work could be done. Several chests of tools belonging to the workmen were brought out unsafely.

Sparks threatened the destruction of the Ellis residence on the opposite side of Bellevue avenue and the men of the chemical engine were detailed to protect it, while the rest of the department poured water on the flames. It was not until long after daylight Saturday morning that the firemen returned to their homes, although most of the immense crowd of spectators that assembled dispersed before eleven o'clock.

The loss to the building and contents will be probably more than \$100,000. Insurance to the amount of \$90,000 was carried. The building has been in the hands of the workmen all winter, extensive alterations having been made. The original house was an old one but had been extensively enlarged. It formerly stood on Bellevue avenue opposite Tuam Park. It was removed to its present location and was purchased by Mr. Wells a number of years ago. During the past winter extensive improvements were made. Contractor Curry did the building. Alexander Booth, the mason work, the Newport Foundry & Machine Company, the heating, Joseph Haire, plumbing, and George E. Vernon furniture and staircase. A large part of Vernon's work had not been installed.

Mr. and Mrs. Wells came on from New York after the fire to inspect the ruins. The contractors will be protected against loss by the owner and it is probable that a modern stone villa will be erected in place of the burned structure.

A cake and candy sale for the benefit of the Presbyterian Church was held under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid Society at the residence of Mrs. Asa B. Kennan on School street Thursday afternoon and evening. The tables were well filled with the articles offered for sale and the arrangement was particularly attractive. Many of the plants and flowers used for decoration purposes were offered to purchasers. The sale was a success financially.

The Menetuck Golf Club has arranged for a handicap match among its members for each Saturday afternoon. The grounds are rapidly taking on an improved appearance and will be a credit to the club. The green committee, of which Mr. George N. Buckhout is chairman, is responsible for the improvement in the links.

There was a three-cornered bowling match of the Newport teams in Fall River Thursday evening. The teams were the Artillery, the Columbians and the Gardeners and the first named were victorious, having a score of 1579 to 1585 for the Columbians and 1497 for the Gardeners.

It is reported that Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt will open her handsome residence The Breakers late in the summer.

Mrs. William Leys and family of this city are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Smith, in Middletown.

Newport Artillery Company.

Colonel Herbert Bliss, commanding the Newport Artillery Company, has made the following appointments of non-commissioned officers:

Sergeant Major—R. S. Rice. Quartermaster—Thomas S. Layton. Commissary—O. E. DeBussy. Commissary Sergeant—W. P. Hayman. Ensign Sergeant—J. R. Nabody. Corporal—R. C. Eds. George P. Bliss. John P. Shaw, Herbert B. Barker, R. C. Bliss and Charles H. Davidson.

Prominent Deaths.

Harold Brown.

Harold Brown died in New York Thursday night after a brief illness. His death, following so closely after that of his brother, John Nicholas Brown, who died last week, came as a great surprise and shock to his friends and members of New York and Newport Society. Death was due to a complication of diseases.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown sailed for Europe about the middle of April for a visit of several months, but hastened home upon learning of the death of John Nicholas Brown. During the voyage Mr. Brown was seized with an attack of erysipelas followed by other diseases, so that when he landed in New York he was under the care of physicians. He was taken to the Hotel Netherlands. His condition became steadily worse and he passed away Thursday night. Mrs. John Carter Brown, mother of the deceased, was with him at the last.

Mr. Brown was born in Providence, and still resided there during the winter, but occupied his cottage at Bellevue and Hazard avenues in this city during the summer. He was an attendant at Emmanuel church and was active in the affairs of the church, giving liberally of his means for worthy purposes. He was a brother of the late John Nicholas Brown and of Mrs. W. Watts Sherman. He married Miss Sherman, daughter of Mr. W. Watts Sherman, who survives him.

Mr. Brown was a member of the Newport Reading Room, the Newport Business Men's Association, the Newport Golf Club, the Newport Casino, all of this city; the Hope Club of Providence, the Metropolitan and the New York coaching clubs of New York and other organizations.

Charles Barker.

Mr. Charles Barker, a well known and highly respected resident of this city, died at the Newport Hospital Wednesday night. Death was due to blood poisoning. He had suffered for some time from a clogged artery in his leg and after being removed to the Newport Hospital it was decided that an operation was necessary to save his life. The limb was amputated and it was believed that he would recover but gangrene had passed the point of amputation and finally caused his death.

Mr. Barker was in the 70th year of his age. He had for many years been in the employ of the N. Y., N. H. & H. Railroad in the repair shops, being at the time of his death foreman of the upholstery department. He was of a quiet, retiring disposition, and very generally esteemed by his acquaintances. He was a member of St. John's Lodge, No. 1, A. F. & A. M., Washington Commandery, No. 4, K. T., Rhode Island Lodge, I. O. O. F., Gen. G. K. Warren Post, G. A. R., and was a fine member of the Newport Artillery Company. He leaves one son, Mr. Howard M. Barker, who occupies a responsible position with the firm of Kidder, Peabody & Co., in New York.

The appellate division of the supreme court will come in on Monday next.

Real Estate Transactions.

Dellos & Eldridge have rented for Mrs. Charles Wheeler her cottage, on the western side of Eastis avenue, known as the "Wheeler Carry" cottage, to Mr. Robert Newton Shaw, of New York, for one year.

Dellos & Eldridge have rented for Mrs. Prof. J. P. Cooke her cottage on the corner of Gibbs avenue and Binea Vista street to Mr. W. R. Warren of New York, son of General Cyrus M. Warren, for the coming season.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented for Mr. D. S. Newhall, his furnished cottage "Round House," situated on the east shore of Conanicut Island, near the Dumpings to Mr. Edward Shaw of Fall River, Mass., for the summer season.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented for Mrs. Carrie F. Wilson her cottage and stable, near the corner of Friend-ship street and Broadway to Mr. Sydney R. Johnson. A. O'D. Taylor has rented for Mr. Henry B. Hazard his cottage at No. 51 Church street to Mr. Henry A. Gibbs. A. O'D. Taylor has rented for Mr. Thomas H. Clark his unfurnished cottage on Narragansett avenue in Jamestown, R. I., known as the "Clarke Cottage" to Mr. P. J. Copeland.

Dellos & Eldridge have sublet for Richard Stevens the "Davis Chalet," so called, situated on the cliffs and Baller's Beach and belonging to the Alfred Smith Estate to Clarence W. Dolan of Philadelphia for the coming season.

Simons Hazard has re-rented the store, No. 74 Broadway, for Constant Smith, to O. H. P. Gladding & Son.

Simons Hazard has re-rented the store number 82 Broadway, for Mr. Constant Smith, to Jacob Anson.

Simons Hazard has re-rented to Edward E. Irish the lower tenement, No. 28 Newport avenue, for Mary J. C. Russell.

Simons Hazard has sold for Herbert C. Albro and wife a lot of land on the easterly side of a new street, running in a northerly direction from Chauncy street to Van Zandt avenue, to Alexander W. Thompson and wife. The lot is bounded northerly, by land of Miss Margaret T. Taylor, 31 feet; southerly, by land of Cora A. Young, 49 feet; easterly, by land of Alexander W. Thompson and wife, 63 feet; and westerly, by said new street, 63 feet.

Portsmouth.

The Boston Bridge Company has had some work done on the draw of the Stone Bridge, hoping to make it open more speedily.

The waiting room, recently built near the Tiverton line, is nearly completed. The men's building is on the site of the one that was destroyed by fire.

A choral union has been formed in the town, with Rev. J. Sturgis Pearce as president, Mr. H. Chester Hedy secretary and Miss Kate L. Durfee treasurer.

Mr. Lewis R. Manchester is joining Mr. Edward Almy's house.

Mr. Leroy Tallman, who has been in the employ of Mr. E. L. Marvel, Fall River, has secured the position as engineer at the Newport Water Works, and has resigned his position as librarian of the Portsmouth public library.

Miss Flora Phinney is to teach in a school in Woonsocket.

The burial of Mrs. George Elmer Coggeshall, who died of scarlet fever, took place on Saturday afternoon. She was the only daughter of Mary and the late Abner Main. Her infant daughter has since died.

Rev. and Mrs. J. Sturgis Pearce, and Miss Pearce, have recently been spending a few days in Providence.

Mr. James Russell, a lay reader of Tiverton, officiated at St. Paul's church during the absence of the rector.

Mr. Edwin F. Manchester died at his house in this town on Monday, after a long and painful illness.

Henry Russell, the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. George L. Anthony, who has been seriously ill with an inward abscess, below the throat, was successfully treated by a specialist in Fall River, who removed the abscess. The child is nearly restored to its usual health.

The annual meeting of the Free Library Association took place at the library on Tuesday evening. The meeting was called to order by the President, Rev. J. Sturgis Pearce. According to the minutes of the meetings, this association has met twelve times during the past year. The directors are seven in number, and include the president, vice president, secretary, treasurer and three trustees.

At the meeting in December a vote of thanks was given to Mr. S. F. Pratt, of Newport, for his donation of an oil painting and books, and to Mr. John L. Borden for the gift of forty-one books of recent publication. At the March meeting a vote of thanks was extended Mrs. Lucy Phinney and Mr. Irving P. Irons for their efforts for the benefit of the library.

President Pearce then addressed the meeting, recalling to his hearers the small beginning from which the well equipped and well patronized library had sprung, and its present and prospective usefulness. Balance in treasury April 1, 1900, \$2.57.

Number of volumes on hand at the beginning of the year 1,250; added during the year 215. Volumes circulated during the year 2,750.

Officers were elected as follows: President—Rev. J. Sturgis Pearce. Vice President—George R. Hicks. Secretary—Edith Anthony. Treasurer—William F. Brayton.

Trustee for three years—Perry G. Randall.

The meeting adjourned to Monday evening, May 14, when an amendment to the constitution will be acted upon, relative to the election of two trustees to represent the town, in consideration of its gift of \$150 to the library, as voted in the financial town meeting.

Tiverton.

The regular meeting of the Court of Probate and Town Council was held Monday in the Town Hall, a full board present. In Court of Probate the business transactions were Ferdinand J. McNamee appointed administrator on the estate of Charles Macomber. Bond \$4,000, surely satisfactory to clerk. Notice ordered on petition of Henry F. Simmons to be appointed administrator on the estate of Henry B. Simmons.

Notice ordered on the annual account of Andrew Sawyer, guardian of William Sawyer. Final account of the administrator on the estate of John continued.

Notice ordered on petition of Isaac A. Manchester to be appointed guardian of his wife Adelia S. Manchester. Notice ordered on petition of William Goddard to be appointed administrator on the estate of his wife Maria Goddard, deceased.

Will of Mary A. Cary, approved and ordered recorded.

In Town Council liquor licenses were granted to Charles Person, N. W. Corner of State avenue, and Clement Street to John A. Johnson, N. E. Corner of Main and Chauncy street; to Thomas H. Donovan, licenses to be issued when requirements are complied with. Thomas Pierce appointed police constable at the Chemical works. John R. Hicks, John C. Manchester and Samuel F. Stewart were appointed a committee to confer with the owners of land supposed to belong to one Richard Bright in regard to opening a highway from the Main road to Bay street. Liquor licenses was granted to the Spaulding Drug Store Co. N. Tiverton voted that \$200 of the appropriation for highways be allotted to the several districts. Voted to have the rum shops closed at 11:30 p. m. Voted to meet as a board of canvassers Thursday, May 11th, at North Tiverton, 9 o'clock a. m.; at the Town Hall in the afternoon 1:30 o'clock p. m.

Election of Officers.

Epworth League of the First M. E. Church. President—Herbert Wilson.

First Vice President (Spiritual Department)—Gertrude Allen.

Second Vice President (Merry and Happy)—Laura G. Tilly.

Third Vice President (Literary)—Dr. Fred Clark Bradley.

Fourth Vice President (Social)—Henry R. Taber.

Secretary—Frederick W. Bates.

Treasurer—William S. Bates.

The Ring of the Matterhorn.

By JOHN J. ABECKEY.

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CHAPTER II CONTINUED.

But at last she felt rested. She got up and took a cold sponge bath, as invigorating as possible, and prepared herself for breakfast with a warm eagerness to meet Stanley. What a fresh, eager, keen, healthy boy he was! She liked a young fellow who zealed the Matterhorn in that careless, offhand fashion. He was a man after her heart. Incidentally he was a florid, handsome youth. If those cool blue eyes were to

ever quiver to love's expectancy, what burning he would be! But Miss Rodney pulled herself up sharply at such a ridiculous thought. Nice way for a girl to feel toward a young man who had only known for a few hours, and that with a rope around their waists most of the time and clinging breathlessly to the slaty points of the shelly surface of the Matterhorn. Any little shyness could feel that way. And yet that was the way Miss Rodney felt.

She was an honest girl, and she wasn't going to disguise to herself how much she was interested in this charming fellow. He had been so manly and considerate on the way down. And he joined his easy, athletic ability with such delightful grace, that perfect simplicity and self-possession and thoughtfulness which mark the ideal gentleman. Still, Miss Rodney checked herself up when she felt that enthusiasm was getting the better of judgment.

She would be nothing if not her cool, dignified self, which did not prevent her arraying herself in her best gown, and, brushing her hair very carefully, Miss Rodney had a conviction that at least she was the best looking woman that had ever coquetted with the Matterhorn, and in this she was not wrong.

She did not see anything of her comely, ingenuous companion of the mountain. At last she inquired where he was. To her regret, and it was really a keen disappointment that she felt, she was told that Mr. Stanley had left the day after his return from the Matterhorn. He had received a telegram that had summoned him to London in hot haste. Miss Rodney then asked for her mail. It would have been so natural for him to leave some message for her. To her increased disgust there was nothing for her. Well, she had climbed the Matterhorn! That was safe. Nothing could rob her of this magnificent vindication of her womanly prowess.

She sighed to think she was not the first. It would have been no harder to have been the pioneer than to have stood third on the list or fourth. However, the company was small enough to make it exclusive and a brilliant distinction to belong to it.

Having doved the Matterhorn, Miss Rodney felt an inclination to return home. It was not pleasant to be trotting around by herself. It was too bad that the young man had been telegraphed for. He might at least have left a message. Surely there was as much reason for her feeling an interest in her as for her having such a warm spot for him in her heart. She, a woman, and a girl at that, had done something that even he, a strong, vigorous, courageous man, had felt proud of achieving.

Miss Rodney headed straight for London. She ran across the Vassar professor and her small following in Paris.

"How did you find your friend?" she asked of Miss Rodney.

"Oh, I was received as well as I could have expected. But this friend is rather cold and keeps very much apart," she answered suitably. She certainly was not libeling the Matterhorn.

In London she went into Low's Exchange to see who was registered there, and while in that quaint trying place for drifting Americans met a young man from New York. He was an old acquaintance.

He invited her to go to the Lyceum and promised to call for her at the Metropole that evening with his mother and sister.

He did so, and Miss Rodney enjoyed the evening thoroughly. After the theater the young fellow proposed a supper at the Savoy. Miss Rodney, who felt like a laborer after a hard day's work when she reflected on her weary climb up the Matterhorn, was bent on restful pleasure and gladly assented.

It was a gay little supper with champagne. The American palate is nowhere more pleasantly entertained than at a well ordered dinner or supper.

Near them at a table sat a man with a handsome young woman. The girl was a fine type of the British female at its physical best. There was a suspicion of coquetry about her, though she was a sleek, well groomed animal creature. The man was not faced, with a blotchy complexion, large nose and a scraggly mustache. His hair was thin and his general appearance dissipated and blasé. He did not pay much attention to the girl. Every now and then he felt of his mustache in an absentminded way that suggested the wandering mind of a shattered good liver. He stuck his monocle into his eye and inspected Miss Rodney with a cool air of appraisal that brought her American spirit to its legs in a moment. She gave one contemptuous glance at him, which did not have the effect of visibly disconcerting the man, although he transferred his attention for half a moment to the rest of the party.

"Who is that?" she asked in a low, indignant tone of Mr. Ramsay.

"That," he answered, "is the Earl of Carrington."

quintance. He invited her to go to the Lyceum and promised to call for her at the Metropole that evening with his mother and sister.

sneering smile. "Is the Earl of Carrington, one of the biggest blackguards in the United Kingdom. He had a stroke of something or other two weeks ago, and I am surprised to see him so much on deck again. But it is hard to kill that sort of a reptile."

"Who is the girl with him?" inquired Miss Rodney.

"That is a young woman from the Gaiety named Ethel Camperdown. She used to do a skirt dance there very lately. But she is, as you see, a very pretty girl. She is not doing the dance now."

"I shouldn't think they would let that sort of people in here," said Miss Rodney disgustedly.

"What! A lord and a well behaved young woman who acts like a perfect lady!" retorted Ramsay. "They are glad to have them. They add to the general attractiveness."

Miss Rodney could not refrain from stealing another glance at the man whom her aunt had proposed as her husband. Her detestation of him in the abstract, when she knew nothing of him but what rumor had to say, was considerably enhanced by the spectacle he presented. He was evidently a little the worse for liquor and was drinking champagne freely.

During the course of the conversation Mr. Ramsay spoke Miss Rodney's name clearly enough for the noble lord to hear it. He beamed himself up and stared at her again with considerable interest. Miss Rodney glanced to look his way at the moment. He raised his champagne glass with a slightly unsteady hand and, without withdrawing his glance, held it a moment and then raised it to his lips. He had the air of drinking to her.

With a curl of her lip Miss Rodney turned away her face with a fresh movement of disgust. They were through, to her relief, and Mrs. Ramsay rose. As they passed the table where the earl and his companion were sitting, Miss Rodney carried herself with a languor which seemed to afford the noble lord not a little amusement.

With some remark to the girl, he rose and followed them. He spoke to a man in the hall, and then returned and told his ruddy faced Gaiety girl something which he and she both found rather laughable.

The man to whom he had spoken took it on himself to open the carriage door for Mr. Ramsay's guests, and heard, naturally, the order he gave the driver to go to the Metropole.

The next morning at about 10 a servant brought Miss Rodney a card. She picked it up with that pleasant interest one feels in a caller when one is in a foreign land. Her cheek grew hot as she read it. Then, acting on an impulse, she tore the card in two and said coolly to the servant:

"You can take the card back. That is the only answer."

About 20 minutes later the servant brought her a note, written on the hotel paper. The address was in a loose, scrawling hand. She opened it and glanced at the name at the bottom. Her temper was not improved by seeing that it was once more the hated name of Carrington. Her first movement was to treat it as she had the card, but the curiosity of a woman led her to read it.

Dear Miss Rodney—Don't see why you are so difficult to please. You are not put in my way to make a tidy pot of money by marrying me. If I refuse, it is to you to be. I want to let you know that I don't refuse. I will marry you any time you like. You've got to make up your mind in the next six or seven months. If you refuse, I get it, so you see I'm only doing the decent thing in showing my willingness to take you. We don't have to do any loving, you know, though I should be pleased to do a little of that too. You ought to be, I know what you want to do. Yours, if you want me, CARINGTON.

Miss Rodney shook with passion as she read this low, insulting note. The man evidently realized that he would be no loser if he should be rejected. He would inherit then. This letter was an attempt to force her to repulse him. It was only too evident that he preferred the money without herself. The girl had never felt such a blinding rage as at this moment. She glanced around the room hopelessly, beating the ground impatiently with her foot. Oh, how Miss Rodney longed to be a man!

Her eye fell on her riding crop. For one moment an almost irresistible desire invaded her hotly beating heart to give the miserable cad who had with such studied insolence insulted her womanhood one lesson which should be a fitting answer as well. She discarded the wild idea almost instantly with a shudder that he could debase her to such a temptation.

She hurriedly rose and at once went down stairs to the waiting earl. The drawing room was empty, happily, save for the detestable figure sitting with long legs stretched out and hands thrust into pockets. With her head well in the air and her eyes fixed steadily on him, Miss Rodney advanced quickly but with a dignity all her own.

Carrington lounged to his feet and made a slight bow but without removing his hands from his pockets.

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anxiously condition was "No." Even you must see that it is "No" now more than ever. Never presume in any way to address me again. You are a little on man."

She turned, and, without waiting to hear the words with which he resented her cool contempt, walked steadily from the room. As she disappeared Carrington sank suddenly into a chair, and, with a muttered oath, clasped his hand to his head. That strange whirling sensation in his brain, as if the top of his skull were off and his cerebrum was being flushed with a flux of icy liquid, had come upon him again. He staid there for a few moments, his teeth set and a horrible scowl on his face.

Then, with tight clenched hands, he rose, and, walking unsteadily out, got into the first hansom he saw and bade the driver hurry to his lodgings in Duke street. Piccadilly.

CHAPTER III.

UNCLE JOSIAH AS A DOUBTING THOMAS.

Miss Rodney made her preparations for leaving London that evening, and nine days later she was in the bosom of her family. She had been able to learn nothing about Gny Stedley in London.

"To think that I should run across this beast and not be able to find out anything about that fine young fellow! How can two men with the same names be so antipodally situated in character?" she thought with wonder.

Miss Rodney had derived a great benefit from her outing. She had been freed from the trials of home life, which had always oppressed her more heavily than either her mother or her sister. It was a satisfaction to feel that she could meet her uncle with the thing she had set out to do an accomplished fact. She longed for the very palpable reward of her heroic task which the old man had promised her in the moment of softening which had come upon him.

Miss Rodney had never failed to congratulate herself on having made him put it in writing and of securing witnesses to the important document.

Mrs. Rodney and Rose had not been out very much. The death of the Countess of Carrington had given them an excuse for being a little less in society. Mrs. Rodney had not failed to make use of this opportunity. It was something to be able to practice economy with a deceased complex as the alleged cause of it. She had wanted to go into mourning, but Uncle Josiah had poohpoohed that with animosity.

"Why, you hadn't heard from Matilda for five years, and now you want to spend money in advertising your regret for such a dear, devoted sister. Tell 'em she's dead, and that will do as well and cost less."

So Mrs. Rodney had contented herself with wearing black rather more than usual. Whenever there was a good occasion, she managed to convey the impression that the family was in a mourning condition over the death of "my sister, the Countess of Carrington," but she had fired off these shots when Uncle Josiah was not around. She knew that she could not count on any support from her sharp tongued brother in this direction.

Miss Rodney had taken an early opportunity to talk with her uncle on the subject of his promise in case she should succeed in the attempt to climb the Matterhorn. The old gentleman had shown no curiosity on the subject. In fact, he had seemed almost to avoid an occasion for private talk with her.

But one day Mrs. Rodney and Rose had gone out for the afternoon, and Florence soon after came in where the old gentleman was reading. She seated herself and began:

"Well, uncle, now that I have shown you that I could do what I said I could, I suppose you will keep your part of the agreement. You lost your wager, you know," she said pleasantly.

"What wager? What agreement?" he replied dubiously, looking up from his paper as if he did not wish to be disturbed.

Uncle Josiah's apparent forgetfulness concerning the Matterhorn wager fairly amazed his niece.

"Why, I suppose you know what this paper is," returned Florence, drawing the agreement from her pocket. "You did not think I could get to the top of the Matterhorn, and you agreed here that if I did within six months you would give me money or stock or something that would yield me an income of \$10,000 a year. I have climbed the Matterhorn and in less than four months from the date of this agreement, written by you and witnessed by Mary and Roberts. Now, when are you going to do your part?"

"I have the affidavit of each of the guides that I made the ascent."

"I suppose any of these Swiss guides would make out a paper like that for \$50, wouldn't they?"

"I don't know. These didn't."

"You see there's no actual proof that you climbed that mountain," said Mr. Gardner argumentatively. "You say you did, and you have the papers. But you may be mistaken, and, as I say, I think \$50 would buy that much handwriting from any of them. Was there anybody along with you and the guides?"

"Not with me—no," replied Miss Rodney, trying to keep cool under the evident desire of her uncle to irritate her. "But I met a young man on the very top of the Matterhorn. He could testify to my being there."

"Well, bring him on, and then I'll know. He would be a credible witness if his character is good," returned her uncle.

"I can't bring him on. I don't know where he is. I only know his name."

"What was his name?"

"Stanley—Gay Stanley."

"Sounds like a name out of a novel," said Uncle Josiah suspiciously, as if

"How do I know that you climbed the Matterhorn?" said Uncle Josiah.

any young man with such a name could not be trusted to any great extent.

"Don't you know where he lives?"

"No; I thought it was London from some things he said," answered Miss Rodney. "But I do not know his address, and no one there could tell me anything about him."

"Oh! You tried to find him, did you? How long had you known him?"

"From the time I met him on the Matterhorn until I parted with him on coming back to the Mont Cervin hotel at Zermatt," Miss Rodney replied coldly.

"He may have been struck with you, and perhaps he would be willing to testify to a little thing like this to accommodate a lady he liked."

"Oh! Why do you keep up this sort of thing, uncle?" cried Miss Rodney impatiently. "Why don't you be just and do what you promised?"

"Tisn't unjust if I wait until I find out. Get this young man, and if he seems to be a credible witness I'll believe him," said Uncle Josiah, with an air of waving a point in his niece's favor. "Then, again, look here! How do I know but that you'll go and take Carrington, after all? You've got six or seven months to consider that point. Now, it wouldn't be square for me to make such a handsome provision for you if you were to step into your Aunt Matilda's shoes. 'Twouldn't be right to your sister. She wasn't offered this chance. You were your aunt's favorite and came in for Carrington and all the good things." The old man chuckled at his own sense of humor.

Miss Rodney rose to her feet indignantly. She had lost her temper at last. "Don't mention the name of that miserable creature to me ever again," she cried with indignation. "I will swear to you. If you would like it, that I will never wed the—ch. I cannot even speak his name. I saw him in London and he insulted me afterward by calling on me. Then he insulted me further by writing a letter, evidently meaning to disgust me more than ever with himself. He said he was willing to marry me if I wanted him. And you suggest the possibility of such a vile thing to me as that! Have you no decency? You may repudiate your own paper and become a land, uncle," she said violently. "But how is it possible for you to do so far as to mention the name of any woman relative of yours in the same breath with that can?"

Uncle Josiah was having a great deal of enjoyment over this fiery niece of his. His taste in enjoying such things was unquestionably bad, unworthy an uncle of his years and with a really charming niece when she was treated with any kind of fairness. But he did enjoy seeing her in a hot, indignant mood.

"So you didn't take to Carrington not even when he said he was willing to marry you? He may have wanted to put himself on record as being willing because if he were to refuse you would get the money. What did you do to him?" he asked quickly.

"Told him 'No' in a way that could leave no doubt in his mind," replied Miss Rodney. "Don't talk about it any more. The whole sickening business has made me hate the very name of Carrington. But you need not despise him so much. After all, he was within his right, and you are refusing to do what justice and your own honor demand. There is no use of talking about it any more," she concluded, rising to go.

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ONE does not have gumption till one has been properly cheated." Persons of gumption are using Ivory Soap, women who have trusted themselves too near the precipice of false economy and who can now appreciate the true economy in a soap made of pure vegetable oils and other high-class ingredients, but made in such quantity as to bring the price within the reach of the very poorest family. Indeed it is the very poor who most need it, for they can least afford the extravagance of common soap.

Books and Magazines.

Diana Tempest.

The Appletons have brought out a new addition of Diana Tempest by Mary Cholmondeley, the gifted author who gave to the world Red Pottage and The Danvers Jewels. By many Diana Tempest is considered more entertaining than Red Pottage and for those who have not yet had the privilege of acquaintance with Di and her friends a rare treat is in store. Miss Cholmondeley is acknowledged as one of the cleverest of the many clever novelists whose books have entertained the public this season. The reader of Diana Tempest can well believe this.

The plot of the story is excellent and well carried out, retaining the interest through every chapter. The descriptive powers of the author are also good, but her true strength and charm lay in her knowledge of human nature and her clever portrayal of character. The two strong characters are Diana Tempest and her cousin, John Tempest. Di might well be considered as an angel of a somewhat worldly turn of mind, but with the angel part predominating. Strong and pure in character and mind, she illuminates the story with a pure radiance that blinds us to the unsightly side of social life that is of necessity disclosed. That this proud spirit finally bent to the will of another increases her charm rather than detracting from it. There are other characters that are simple and lovable, as well as some that discover no grace or attraction. — [D. Appleton & Co., \$1.50.]

Ex-President Cleveland on College Training.

Ex-President Cleveland, in the forthcoming College Man's number of the Saturday Evening Post, discusses the oft-asked question: Does a College Education pay? and makes out a strong case in favor of giving a young man the advantages of a university training. Other contributors to this special double number are: President Patton, of Princeton; President Jordan, of Lehigh; President Butler, of Colby; President Angell, of Michigan; and President McClure, of Lake Forest. The fiction features are by Jan MacLaren, Jesse Lynch Williams, Charles M. Flannery, Stanley Waterloo and W. L. Alden. The College Man's Number of The Saturday Evening Post will be on all news-stands May 31.

The Boy Knew.

Small Boy—If a barrel weighs 80 pounds, what would you put in it to make it weigh 20 pounds?
Great Mathematician—Give it up.
Small Boy—Hales.—Philadelphia Press.

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SUMMARY REPORT OF CONDITION OF INDUSTRIAL TRUST COMPANY, MARCH 20, 1900.

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ON BOERS' HEELS. FOUND IN MEADOW.

Roberts Pressing Botha With an Overwhelming Force.

British Will Try to Prevent Organized Resistance South of Kroonstad.

London, May 11.—Lord Roberts' announcement last evening of the flight of the Boers from the Zand river has naturally caused considerable gratification at the war office, where it is now believed that he will not allow the Federals enough breathing space to reform southward of Kroonstad. It is just possible that Lord Roberts' transport may be in such condition that he will be able to keep his troops moving so rapidly as to drive the Boers right through Kroonstad without giving them time to organize resistance in the formidable entrenchments so carefully prepared at the Valsch river. The fact that General French and the cavalry have been brought up to supplement General Hutton's mounted infantry leads to the hope in British official circles that the pursuit announced by Lord Roberts may prevent all the Boer guns and convey from escaping.

Members of the house of commons were freely betting in the lobbies last evening that Lord Roberts would be in Pretoria in two months. The ministerialists are building confident hopes upon the comprehensive plans he has communicated to the war office. Predictions are definitely made that he will enter Kroonstad next Monday, and it is believed that his advance is probably already reconnoitering the vicinity of Ventersburg, where the hill country begins again.

Beyond Kroonstad is an intricate and difficult country, and if the Boers should elect to fight, it is possible they could check the progress of the British until Lord Roberts' numerous cavalry had had time to ride around their flank and threaten their rear.

From 15,000 to 20,000 is the highest estimate of the Boers under the personal command of General Botha, who is said to have 16 guns. Lord Roberts is pressing hard after this force, with 65,000 men and 140 guns, and 20,000 more men are easily available.

Lord Roberts' concise summaries of results are not supplemented by any up-to-date press telegrams. The correspondents are confined in their narratives to events two or three days old so far as Lord Roberts is concerned.

President Steyn, with 10,000 men, is reported to have been east of Thabanchu yesterday noon, and a battle was then imminent. The advance troops of General Buller and General Brabant were being fired upon.

According to advices from Durban, dated Thursday, General Buller's army is "showing activity," but a complete news embargo is imposed upon the correspondents with him.

Parties of Boers are still holding the mountains adjacent to Springfield. During a concert for the relief of the sufferers from the Begbie works explosion, given Sunday evening at Pretoria in the Gaiety theatre, the doors were suddenly closed, and every man in the audience was commanded. All the horses were taken from the conveyances outside.

President Kruger has released The Daily Mail correspondents, Messrs. Hollawell and Hoffmeyer.

Yesterday the foreign merchants at Laurens Marquess held an indignation meeting, to protest against the new regulation, whereby clothing, blankets and "bully" beef are declared contraband. Twelve thousand cases of supplies are now in bond there, and as much more is expected. Two French vessels, carrying goods consigned to Lydenburg, have been stopped.

Insurgents Whipped by Americans.

Manila, May 11.—The insurgents have suffered a heavy loss at Tabako, province of Albay, Luzon. About 200 riflemen and 800 bolomen were preparing to attack the town, and Captain Simons, with a company of the Forty-seventh volunteer regiment, advanced to meet them and killed many. The insurgent leader, a native priest, was wounded and captured after his horse had been shot under him. Three Americans were wounded.

A Valuable Piece of Horseflesh.

Louisville, May 11.—A week ago yesterday Lieutenant Gibson galloped home an easy winner of the Kentucky derby and his share of the stake was \$3000. Yesterday he made his owner \$3500 richer by winning for him the Clarke stakes, a mile and an eighth. He had to carry 127 pounds, but he equalled the track record for the distance, 2:51 flat, which has been held by Pearl Jennings, 4 years old, with 76 pounds up, since 1882.

Noted for Hard-Headedness.

Williamstown, Mass., May 11.—Abraham Parsons, known throughout this part of the state as "Abe, the Butcher," died at the town farm on Wednesday. He was a negro and almost a centenarian. He was able to break planks, open doors and stoves by bumping them with his forehead. At cattle fairs for half a century Abe had been a great attraction, and many small circuses included him among their "artists."

Four Indictments Against Him.

Manchester, N. H., May 11.—In the circuit term of the supreme court, Monday, Myron H. Stone, a man past middle age, was convicted of making a criminal assault upon a 13-year-old girl. Four separate indictments for this offense were returned against Stone by the grand jury. Stone has not yet been sentenced.

Musical Axe Again Falls.

Boston, May 11.—Another reduction among the employees of the water department was announced yesterday by Water Commissioner Martin. The list includes 116 men, and it is the largest announced at any one time, with one exception, since Mayor Hart took the oath of office on Jan. 1, 1899.

Youner's Battle With Rains.

Winsted, Conn., May 11.—William H. Hall, aged 19, was arrested here, charged with bigamy. Hall was held for the superior court in \$1000 bonds. According to the story told at the hearing, Hall's first matrimonial venture took place on Feb. 27, 1899, when he took for his wife Mary A. McMillan at Norwich. In December of the same year, it is alleged, he married Lizzie Hine of this place.

Bodies of Young People Who Had Been Missing.

Four X-ways of Interest From Various Parts of N. W. England States.

Lee, Mass., May 11.—The badly decomposed bodies of a colored woman about 20 years old and a half-grown boy were found in a low meadow and near the south boundary of the town, a mile from the highways, Tuesday evening. Medical Examiner Holcomb was notified and at once viewed the bodies. Both bodies were badly decomposed, showing that they had been there some weeks at least. Robert Jepper, Dr. Holcomb's constable, recognized the bodies as those of Miss Bessie Crozier and her brother, who disappeared in February, and were supposed to have run away, that the girl might escape marriage with Martin Nesick.

On the night of Feb. 25, Nesick drove with his mother to the residence of Rev. Samuel Hopley, left his mother there, and went ostensibly for Miss Crozier, his promised bride. The minister and the boy's mother waited until a late hour for them to come, but in vain. It is claimed that Nesick was away all night. At the time it was treated as a joke, as arrangements had been made for the marriage even different times, and the bride had failed to respond.

William L. Van Allen, colored, who owns the house nearest to the spot where the bodies were found, states that Miss Crozier and her brother left William Dey's Saturday night to come to his house, and that Nesick accompanied them part way, that they never arrived, and that Nesick called for them Sunday, and appeared much surprised that she was not there.

Medical Examiner Holcomb thought a deep ridge along the head of the boy, where the scalp was lifted, had been caused by the weather. His theory, until further examination is made, is that they started to cross lots on the night of Feb. 25, and in the snow got lost or overcome. The presence of a fence stake near the bodies may be accidental, but there is enough surrounding the disappearance of the couple and the finding of the bodies to cause much excitement and many rumors.

M.P.s Must Stop Running Overline.

Fall River, Mass., May 11.—State Inspector Tierney has notified the officers of the Parker, Hargaves, Arkwright and the Merchants' mills that they are violating the existing 55-hour law, in running after 6 p. m., and in posting more than one schedule of time for women and minors. The information is accompanied by a notice that the practice of sending women and minors out at noon so that they can obtain employment at night, must stop.

Machinists' Strike Probable.

Bridgeport, Conn., May 11.—There is every indication that there will be a general strike among the machinists of Bridgeport next Monday if the demand of the union men for a nine-hour day at the present rate of wages, which will then be submitted to the employers, is not granted. Only a very small percentage of the machinists now employed here are non-union men, over 1500 members having been unionized within three months.

Grocery Firms Burned Out.

Concord, N. H., May 11.—A fire broke out early this morning in the Dow block, occupied by Dickerman & Co., wholesale grocers and flour merchants, and the buildings were totally destroyed. The buildings were erected at a cost of \$50,000, and the value of the stock is placed at \$30,000. Reed & Arlin, retail grocers, were the only other occupants of the buildings, and their loss is placed at \$2000.

Is 113th Anniversary.

Boston, May 11.—The famous Fusilier Veteran association, noted for its brilliant uniform and its social undertakings, observed the 113th anniversary of its formation today by entertaining the Ansonia veterans of Manchester, N. H. The fusiliers have customs of their own, and in the course of its event around town of the visiting veterans there was the old-time march through Quincy market.

Hull Furnishes \$5000 Bail.

Providence, May 11.—George W. Hull of Arizona, who was arrested in New York for alleged perjury in a divorce case in this state, was brought here last evening on requisition papers. On being arraigned before Judge Sweetland he waived examination and was held in \$5000 for the grand jury. He gave bail.

Eight Years For Maxwell.

Portland, Me., May 11.—Elmer Maxwell of Sackville, N. B., who was convicted last week of manslaughter in causing the death of Captain George Bales of the American schooner Vandusen on the high seas, was sentenced on Thursday to serve eight years in the state prison and to pay a fine of \$1.

Plenty of Ice In Moosehead Lake.

Bangor, Me., May 11.—The report that the ice is out of Moosehead lake is incorrect. Steamer Katahdin attempted to come from Kinto to Greenville Thursday, but could only get to within about three miles of that place, the rest of the distance being filled with solid ice.

Extensive Use of False Keys.

Lynn, Mass., May 11.—Several house robberies were reported to the police Thursday night, an entrance being effected by false keys in each instance, during the absence of the occupants of the houses. The houses are all in one section of the city.

Death From Smallpox at Portland.

Portland, Me., May 11.—Edward F. Copeland, who was stricken with smallpox the first of the week at his home on Paris street, died at the pest house Thursday. No other cases have developed.

Doubtful Drowning Accident.

Northampton, Mass., May 11.—William Martin, 15 years old, and Philip Ryan, 18, were drowned Tuesday night in Paradise pond. With a third boy, who was rescued, they were canoeing, and in some manner the canoe was upset, throwing them all into the water. Ryan had charge of the boats on the pond for the college girls.

Every Man

Should see our collection of SPRING CLOTHING before purchasing. There is EVERYTHING here that people of good taste desire--nothing of the sham sort. The character of our business is reflected in the goods we sell.

We make it a point

To do business on the small profit basis, believing it pays us to give our customers good returns for their money. To insure absolute satisfaction we are always ready with

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TELEPHONE 203.

Poetry.

The Song of the Wheel.

Whirl and click of spoked wheel and chain,
Shimmer and gleam of steel,
Throb of pedal and middle wheel,
This is the song of the wheel.

Think you you are the shoulder-strung, you of
these carriages and coaches,
That I am only the season's fool, slipped in-
to a vulgar by chance?
To the moment a child's wheel will tilt the next
year's fancy? Nay,
I am the link, the wheel, the axle,
The hub of the wheel.

Tyrant of the woodland road, Mercury
of the street,
Slipping soundless beneath the rush, frag-
rant, rhythmic feet,
Whispering over the asphalt, ghost-like
glide through the park,
Clicking ring my fiery light along the drive-
ways to the dark.

They know me in the furthest where Kur-
dish bands strut,
You may trace the curve of my rampant's
track through Baghdad's storied gate,
Across their straggling gait, the Persians
watch me gleam.

To the endless sleep their eyes keep, I
come, a disturbing dream.

Wherever the sun's rays enshrine strands (em-
pire of spoked) built to rise,
All the manifold pride of feudal days (with
vanishing like mist),
Flight of machine where once was seen
Knight errant brave and gay,
Ah, yes, and the whirling, swift, still spir-
it of today.

Pleasure hath drunk the draft of haste and
turned to laugh to scorn
All of the sunnier ease and free of a let-
tered age outgrown.

Tense, the speed's imperative her changing
summons ring,
I am the spirit of today and tomorrow's
King.

Whirl and click of spoked wheel and chain,
Shimmer and gleam of steel,
Throb of pedal and middle wheel,
This is the song of the wheel.

—Onting.

Selected Tale.

A Canadian Coquette.

Mademoiselle de Lalanne was in a
gay mood that night. She was very
happy, and might, therefore, have been
expected to be kind. On the contrary,
she was ill-humored, for the moment, with
a kind of madman's impulse, to be de-
finitely cruel lurked behind the
tender smile of her lips, and the
wide innocence of her bewitching eyes
had, very successfully, a merciless de-
sire to wound the two men who hung
upon her words. Her mother, Madame
de Lalanne, an elderly gentlewoman of
Quebec, dozed over her knitting beside
the couple heartily.

Mademoiselle was dressed in a short-
skirt of the pattern worn by the
country girls. The material, however,
was not of the coarse wool of the district,
but a very heavy homespun linen,
bleached to the tint of cream; the bodice
was of the same stuff, with sleeves
turned back at the elbows to show arms
that were slim almost to thinness, but
milk-white and bewitchingly moulded.
Over her shoulders was thrown carelessly
a shawl of fine silk, black, but no
blacker than the silver hair above it.
On her small, slim feet, one of which
kept restlessly tapping the floor, she
wore shoes of fine velvet leather. These
little shoes every girl in Acadia had
heard of and discussed with jealous ad-
miration; but few, indeed, even of the
Grand Pre maids had seen them, for
the De Lannes, mindful of their past
seigneurial pride, maintained their
aloofness amid their changed fortunes.
Beautiful as was her face, broad-browed,
finely chiselled, white with the warm
whiteness of ivory, it was, above all,
her eyes that made Marie de Lalanne
the wonder of all Acadia. When she
turned her dark radiance from time to
time full upon her two cavaliers both
felt their hearts jump painfully, and
each burned with a fierce impulse to
pitch the other from the nearest win-
dow.

The two young men upon whose pas-
sion she was playing so recklessly had
come to Grand Pre village that same
evening from opposite directions. Both
had made all haste out over the hill to
the old farmhouse of the Gaspereau.
Captain Barras, journeying on snow-
shoes from the French post at Chignecto,
had arrived first, flushed with elation
at finding mademoiselle alone—for
Madame de Lalanne was ever too sunk
in old dreams to count as a personality.
Scarcely had he loved his devoirs over
the little restless white hand, which
mademoiselle was wont to use as mer-
cilessly as her eyes, when there came
from the hunting fields behind La
Have the spare, sombre-suited, silent
figure of Jean Michel Landry de Lalour,
the proud and impoverished descendant
of the De Lalours of Port Royal and St.
John.

Now, on the coming of Captain Bar-
ras mademoiselle had not been over-
gracious. It was when De Lalour ar-
rived that the caprice of gaiety had
seized upon her. What were these un-
warranted smiles for, indeed, if not to
furnish amusement through the hour
of waiting before her? On the instant
she was all gracious.

"I trust your absence from Grand
Pre has not seemed so long to you as it
has to us, monsieur," she murmured as
De Lalour kissed her finger-tips and
shot a glance of dark disdain at Barras.

The captain's mouth grew suddenly
dry as he perceived in this charged
denominator of his hostess an explanation
of the child civility which had greeted
his own arrival. But in the next mo-
ment those restless eyes flashed upon
him something like a caress, and
straightway, remembering all that he
was and all that his rival was not—
rich, handsome, and in high favor with
the Governor at Quebec—he returned
the newcomer's glance with interest.

When mademoiselle presented the
two, De Lalour's curt formality was a
veiled declaration of war, while the
elaborate courtesy of Barras was an ex-
quisite insinuation. And mademoiselle
was suitably delighted.

The burden of the conversation was
borne by Barras, who had a flow of
glittering complement at command. Ma-
demoiselle de Lalanne had but to di-
rect the game, now with deft turn of
phrase, now with a smile, now with a
swift look; and with such wicked nicety
of skill did she direct it that within
the half hour the air of that peaceful
chamber seemed full of swords. At
this point, however, she kept things
under curb, so that neither man dared
ruffle the shining surface of civility
which she had spread between them.
The ghostly patch of moonlight moved
across the floor till it touched and galed
the scarlet of mademoiselle's shoes.
Then, on a sudden, just as she opened
her lips for some rally more sweetly
cavalier than any that had gone be-
fore, the faint sound of a foot-fall in an-
other part of the house caught her ear.
No one else heard it, but it was what
she was waiting for. Her face softened
and she sprang up.

"Excuse me, monsieur," she said
hastily, "I have forgotten something."
And, in a breath, she was gone, closing
the door behind her and leaving the

two men to stand with blank faces staring
after her.

So they stood for a moment, then
turned to each other. De Lalour spoke
first.

"Your society is distasteful to me,
Captain Barras," he said coldly.

"I can quite imagine it, monsieur!"
murmured Barras with the most cour-
teous intonation. "Different, I suppose,
from that to which you are accus-
tomed?"

De Lalour smiled grimly. "Neverthe-
less," he said, "I could tolerate it for a
short time under other conditions. Be-
hind yonder fireplace there is a level
space by the side of the water, where
the moon shines clearly. I could meet
you there with pleasure, so it be at
once, monsieur!"

Barras' bold eyes flashed. This was
just what he wanted. Yet, for the
mere insolence of it, he affected to hesi-
tate.

"Your appearance is against you, mon-
sieur," he drawled; "but—yes, you are
received by Mademoiselle de Lalanne
and therefore I may without dishonor
cross swords with you. His Excellency
would understand, I am sure."

The two strode in silence, side by
side, down the crisp, glittering slope,
their distorted black shadows dancing
grotesquely behind them. When they
were within about a hundred paces of
the fir-grove Mademoiselle de Lalanne
returned to the room they had so hastily
forsaken. Her face was now more
sightly radiant, and the laughing malice
had died out of her eyes. Close at her
heels came a tall, fair-haired, ruddy-
featured man, with English written
large all over him. His eyes rested for
a moment on madame's sumptuous
form in her big chair, then swept the
empty spaces with a quizzical expres-
sion.

"Your fine birds have flown, sweet-
heart," he exclaimed with a boyish
laugh.

Mademoiselle was at the window in
time to note the direction of their
flight. At a glance she understood the
imminent results of her coquetry. Pale
with sudden fear she turned and
clutched her companion's arm.

"Oh, Jack!" she cried, "they have
gone away to fight. Quick! quick!
stop them!"

The Englishman laughed again—but
very softly, so as not to waken madame
and looked down into her face. He was
thinking of her, of her lips, and he only
half heard her words.

"Stop what?" he asked, stooping
with a swift movement to kiss her. But
she sprang back, angry and frightened.

"Stop them, I say, Jack. They are
going to fight, and perhaps they'll kill
each other, and it's my fault. I've been
very wicked. Oh, I'll go myself," and
she darted out of the room.

At this he awoke. He caught her be-
fore she was out of the house and
clutched her firmly.

"It's an awkward thing, sweet," said
he, "to interfere between two indignant
gentlemen, who have a right to dis-
agree in their own way. But if you
say so I'll do it. What shall I say to
them? How is it your fault?"

"Oh, stupid! Can't you see how wick-
ed I've been? I've made them both
think I cared for them! I've made
them furiously jealous; I was so tired
waiting for you to come and now if
they're killed I'll never speak to you
again."

Jack Moleby's face broke into a grin
of delighted comprehension.

"Wretch," he retorted, "I go!" and
made off down the snow with long
strides. Throwing a hooded cloak
about her and thrusting her feet, red
shoes and all, into a pair of white, fur-
lined overalls, mademoiselle sped after
him.

The light was almost like full day in
the little white glade where the two
Frenchmen faced each other with
swords at the salute. The two fought
in their vests, their coats lying on the
snow near by. In skill they appeared to
be well matched, and De Lalour, who
had never before met any one at all his
equal in fence, began to conceive an un-
willing respect for the coxcomb captain.
In fact he had but by the merest hair-
breadth escaped a scratch when, from
the edge of the grove, a voice of sharp
authority rang out "Halt!" and Cap-
tain Jack's tall figure appeared sudden-
ly beside them.

With instant and instinctive obedi-
ence both men sprang back and drop-
ped their points; then, in the next se-
cond, both turned indignantly upon the
intruder.

"Who are you, sir?" demanded De
Lalour, tartly.

"And by what right, if I may ask,
do you interfere in our pastime?" in-
quired Barras.

Captain Jack, who was more embar-
rased than he would have cared to
show, chose to answer the latter ques-
tion.

"By no right, gentlemen," he replied
heartily, "and I beg to apologize in the
finest manner I know, too. I owe you
satisfaction for my abruptness, and, of
course, I am quite ready to afford it to
you both if you demand it. But I beg
you rather to accept my apology."

"We can discuss that later on," said
De Lalour, in tones of ice; "and mean-
while, Captain Barras, with your con-
sent, we will resume."

But before the blades could cross
again the Englishman stepped forward
sharply, his own sword held drawn.

"Really, gentlemen," he began, in a
voice of mastery, "I must insist that
you stop fighting. No more of it, I
say!" and his blood began to get hot.
Then he remembered that he would
certainly not be fulfilling Marie's wish-
es if he should himself kill one or per-
haps both, of these impetuous and in-
fatuated Frenchmen; and the thought
gave him pause. He considered the sit-
uation very awkward altogether.

But now Jack Moleby had an inspira-
tion. He would try diplomacy. Re-
placing his sword, and relapsing into
his customary, large good-humor, he
smiled gently upon the sowing faces.

"You see, gentlemen, I hated to dis-
turb you, but I had to do as I was com-
manded. Mademoiselle de Lalanne
sent me with positive orders to stop the
fight at any cost. In my stupidity I
thought I might have to fight you both,
in order to obey her. But I should
have known, as so in as I saw the cour-
teous gentlemen you were, that my one ef-
fective weapon would be the expression
of her wishes. She simply implores
you, if her happiness is of any concern
to you, that you will do each other no
harm. She beseeches you to promise
that you will put your quarrel, what-
ever it may be, forever by without
which promises she declares that she
will live in peace and anxiety. I think,
gentlemen, from my observation of her
solicitude in this matter that one of the
other of you must be honored by a very
distinguished place in her regard."

Each, on hearing these gracious
words, conceived himself to be the one
so honored. Into De Lalour's cold eyes
came a gleam of elation.

Mademoiselle de Lalanne's wishes
were a command, monsieur," said he,
shouting his word. "I need no apol-
ogize from you for having obeyed them.
Rather should I wish to hold you to-
count had you failed to fulfill them to
the letter."

"I thank you, monsieur, with all my
heart," said Captain Jack, bowing and
biting back a smile. "And you, mon-
sieur," he went on, turning to Barras,
"have I grace from you also for my
somewhat blundering zeal?"

"Mademoiselle's wishes are my law,"
said he, bowing very elaborately; "and
he who carries them out is my ensam-
ple."

At this moment mademoiselle came
tripping from the grove, the hood of her
cloak half fallen back from her hair.
She came up to the Englishman's side,
and laid her hand lightly on his arm.
Upon the two swordsmen she turned a
smile of subjugating sweetness.

"With all my heart I thank you, gen-
tlemen," she said, "for your gracious
cousiness in yielding to my wishes. Let
us go back to the house, and I will ask
you to take a glass of wine with me to
the long continuance of friendship be-
tween two such gallant gentlemen as I
well know you to be."

Both men stood bowing, each with
his hand on his heart, and each boiling
inwardly at sight of those small fingers
on the Englishman's sleeve. There
was a brief pause, during which ma-
demoiselle flushed faintly, and her eye-
lids fluttered down. Then she went on
steadily:

"And let me present to you, Captain
Barras, and to you, Monsieur De La-
tour, my dear friend Captain Moleby,
of the English garrison at Halifax. It
is my prayer, gentlemen, that when
your flag and his are again at war, as it
is like to be soon, he may not have such
swords as yours opposed to him, for he
is my betrothed and I commend him to
your kind good will."

The two Frenchmen met each other's
eyes with a glance of mutual compre-
hension, murmured some heart-felt
compliments and hid their discom-
fort in the final bitterness of permit-
ting Captain Jack to help them on with
their coats.

It was one of the triumphs of Captain
Jack Moleby's career that he did not
smile.—Charles G. D. Roberts, in
Chambers' Journal.

News of Magnitude.

"Oh, Reginald, isn't this most glori-
ous news!" exclaimed Mrs. Struggles,
bursting into the room where her hus-
band was brushing his hair, waving
the morning paper gleefully.

"Has Butler won at last?" cried Mr.
Struggles, who is a perfect pro-Brit-
isher. "Didn't I tell you nothing—
Quack! Haugit!" In his excitement the
hair brush had slipped, clattering—
so to speak—him on the side of his
head.

"Oh, it's grander than that!" as-
sured Mrs. Struggles, absently, as she
intently scanned the columns of the
paper in her search for the article, to
show him.

"What?" cried Mr. Struggles, joyous-
ly. "Do you mean that all the Eng-
lish generals have been victorious?"

"Better than that," averred Mrs.
Struggles, turning the paper inside
out.

"Hurrah!" shouted Mr. Struggles,
the smiles sun-bursting all over his
face. "Martha, you don't honestly
mean that the Boers have sued for
peace already?"

"Oh, Reginald, it's the most splen-
did thing you ever dreamed of!"

"Here, let me have that paper. Let
me see it. Where is it?" vociferated
Mrs. Struggles, forgetting himself in his
eagerness and grabbing the paper.

"Don't," said Mrs. Struggles, petu-
lantly, snatching the paper aside.
"Where is it? I saw it only a minute
ago. Oh, here, here it is. Just see,
Reginald!"

"Where? What? I can't see any-
thing," cried Mr. Struggles, feverishly,
craning this way and that.

"Why, here—right here!" directed
Mrs. Struggles, triumphantly. "Isn't
that just simply too magnificent?"

"Where do you mean? I don't see a
word about the war there," replied
Mr. Struggles, impatiently.

"Why, can't you see?" demanded
Mrs. Struggles, "that Sellers has re-
duced that carpet we need to \$1.19 a
yard?"—Harper's Bazar.

More Than Imagination.

A commercial traveler, whose wife is
one of those women who borrow trou-
ble indiscriminately, had occasion to
make a trip east.

His wife was very anxious about
him and felt certain that he would
fall a victim to small pox, which was
reported to be prevalent in the city to
which he was going. She begged him
to carry a little lump of asafetida in
his pocket to ward off contagion.

Naturally he objected and positively
refused to be made the permanent abode
of such a persistent odor.

When he came home from his trip,
he said to his wife:

"It is wonderful, the power of the
imagination. Why, don't you know, I
imagined that I smelled asafetida the
whole time I was gone."

"It wasn't imagination at all," quiet-
ly replied the wily little woman. "I
saw a bit of asafetida in the corner of
your coat before you went away!"—
Memphis Scimitar.

Why He Wept.

Death is a sad thing," said the
stranger to the man who stood weep-
ing beside the grave.

"It is indeed," sobbed the other.

"Are you sorrowing over the loss of a
very dear friend?" asked the stranger.

"I am sorrowing over the grave of a
man I never knew," replied the
mourner. "He was my wife's first
husband."

"The Pedestrian—I was knocked down
by this bicyclist while crossing the
street."

"The Policeman—Very well, but first
show me your permit to be going about
about."—Journal Amusant.

Hicks. This having to dress for
dinner is such a nuisance.

Wicks. Don't half so bad as to have
to dress after eating, as was the case
with our first parents after that visit to
the apple tree.—Boston Transcript.

The Lady—Why, I can't believe
there are 20 feet of floor space—and you
call it a yard!

The Janitor—Only nine square feet
make a yard, madam.—Brooklyn Life.

Bertha (who prides herself upon her
red and whiteness)—Did she say any-
thing about my complexion?

Matilda—Oh, dear, no; she wouldn't
be as rude as that.—Boston Transcript.

Carrie—You should get him to sign
the pledge when you marry.

Edith—Why, he doesn't drink.

Carrie—No; but he may be tempted
to do so later.—New York Times.

Tracing a Letter.

Here is a good illustration of how as-
siduous the United States Postoffice De-
partment is in following up mail which
it is requested to look for and assure it-
self of delivery.

A lady in Boston sent a letter to her
son in Manila on January 10, and as it
occurred to her after she had mailed it
that the address was incomplete, in that
it did not contain the number of the
regiment in which her son served, she
wrote a letter to the Boston postmaster
the same day, giving him the full ad-
dress and asking him to trace the letter
and supply the deficiency. This after-
noon or to-morrow morning she will be
informed that the letter, which she said
was important, has reached its destina-
tion, the authorities in Manila having
isolated it from the bulk of soldiers'
mail and completed the address.

After the necessary investigation in
the Boston postoffice the postmaster
sent a communication to the San Fran-
cisco office, through which most of the
military and naval mail goes, and ex-
plained to the postmaster, Hon. W. W.
Montague, that the address on a cer-
tain letter which was dispatched from
Boston via the Boston & Albany R. P.
O. on train No. 10 was insufficient for
its prompt delivery, and he gave the
full address. At San Francisco the
matter went through the hands of the
postmaster and the superintendent of
mail, and on January 18 it was refer-
red to the clerk in charge of the naval
and military mail. He made an in-
vestigation in the office and found
that the letter was probably received on
January 16 from train No. 8 and dis-
patched by steamer to Manila the same
day.

Consequently it could not be inter-
cepted on this side of the water, but in
the next dispatch to Manila the post-
master of San Francisco sent all the pa-
pers relating to the letter to the Direc-
tor General of Posts at Manila, P. I.,
so that the deficiency in the address
might be supplied there, if the letter
were found undeliverable.

Now the Boston postmaster has re-
ceived a communication from Manila
stating that the letter in question has
been found. The addressee's letter of
inquiry with the inclosed stamp for a
reply, and all the papers which have
been made out in the various postoffi-
ces relating to this letter, have been sent
to her.—Boston Evening Transcript.

What the Prisoner Said.

A celebrated judge was once trying
a case where the accused could only
understand Irish, and an interpreter
was accordingly sworn. The prisoner
said something to the interpreter and
the latter replied, says Collier's Week-
ly.

"What does he say?" demanded the
judge.

"Nothing, my lord."

"How can you say that when we all
heard him? Come, sir, what was it?"

"My lord," said the interpreter, be-
ginning to tremble, "it had nothing to
do with the case."

"If you don't answer I'll commit
you, sir. Now, what did he say?"

"Well, my lord, you'll excuse me,
but he said, 'whose that old woman
with the red bed-curtain around her sit-
ting up there?'"

"At which everybody roared."

"And what did you say?" said the
judge, looking a little uncomfortable.

"I said, 'What ye spalpeen! That's
the old boy that going to hang yez.'"

Swelled the Collection.

A man came up to me one day after
service in a frontier town and was
pleased to address me in this man-
ner:

"O' Say, parson, that there service and
sermon was grand, I wouldn't have
missed 'em for \$5."

When I suggested that he hand me
the difference between the amount he
had put in the collection basket and
the figure he mentioned for my mis-
sionary work, he stopped suddenly,
looked at me with his mouth wide open
and then slowly pulled from his pocket
a \$1.00, which he handed to me with-
out a word.—Rev. Cyrus Townsend
Bundy in Ladies' Home Journal.

A Query.

"Come, come," cried the philosophic
mamma dog, who had just clasped one
of her puppies. "Can you mend
matters by whining in that fashion?"

The puppy continued to whine.

"If not," resumed the mother dog,
"whine no!"

A Fall Out of Her Friend.

Ethel (fishing for a compliment)—I
wonder what he saw in me to fall in
love with?

Clara—That's what everybody
says. But men are curious creatures
dear.—The Titist.

The Next Question.

"What is your occupation, my good
woman?" said the examining attorney
to the witness for the defendant.

"Of'm a washerwoman, sor."

"Where do you hang out?"—Judge.

Seemingly Incredible.

"What! A man with a nose the color
of your expectations to believe that he
has lived on water for three months?"
said the lady at the door. "Yes!"

"Where do you hang out?"—Judge.

Seemingly Incredible.

"Judge, Your Honor," said the
prisoner, "before I enter my plea I'd
like to ask a few questions."

"You have the Court's permission."

"If I go to trial, will I have to sit
here and listen while the lawyers ask
hypothetical questions of the jurors?"

"Certainly."

"And then hear all the handwriting
experts?"

"Of course."

"And follow the reasoning of the
chemistry and insanity experts?"

"Very probably."

"Well, Judge, Your Honor, I'm
ready to enter my plea."

"What is it?"

"Guilty."—Washington Star.

"Yes, Edie was slightly wounded in
the first fight. We have a letter from
the regimental surgeon."

"Where was he wounded?"

"We are not quite sure. The sur-
geon mentioned the place, but we don't
know whether it is an anatomical
phrase or a Philippine town."—Cleveland
Plain Dealer.

CASTORIA.

Beats the
Signature of
Cast H. Fletcher

The Sermon Reminded Him.

A pastor of a colored congregation
was warming up to the climax of his
sermon and his auditors were waxing
more and more excited. "I warn yez,
O my congregashun!" exclaimed the
exhorter, "I warn yez against de sin
uv crap-shootin'! I warn yez against
de sin uv whiskey drinkin' an' de sin
uv chicken-raisin', an' I warn yez my
breddem, against de sin uv melon-
stealin'!" A devout worshipper in the
rear of the church jumped to his feet
and snatched his fingers excitedly.
"Whuffo! does yer, my budder, run
up an' snap yo' fingers when I speaks
uv melon-stealin'?" asked the preacher.

"Kase yo' jests minds me whar I left
mah overcoat," replied the devout wor-
shipper as he subsided into his seat.—
Atlanta Constitution.


Judge—You're privileged to chal-
lenge any member of the jury now be-
ing impanelled.

Defendant—Well, thin, yer honor,
O'll fough that small mon in the corner
wid one eye.

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